

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris *Ursula*, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiu'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th' other plays the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, & know our Means: And my most noble Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our felues To looke with forehead bold and big enough Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow vpon the File To five and twenty thousand men of choice: And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold vp head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My iudgement is, we should not step too farre Till we had his Assistance by the hand. For in a Theme so bloody fac'd, as this,

Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted,

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolfe, for indeed It was young *Hasturres* case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope, Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,

Flattering himselfe with Proiect of a power, Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts, And so with great imagination

(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leave) it neuer yet did hurt To lay downe likely hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre Indred the instant action: a cause on foot,

Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring, We see th' appearing buds, which to proue fruit,

Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,

We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the Erection, Which if we finde out-weighes Ability, What do we then, but draw a new the Modell In fewer offices? Or at least, desist

To build at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe, And set another vp) should we suruey The plot of Situation, and the Modell; Consent vpon a sure Foundation:

Question Surueyors, know our owne estate, How able such a Worke to vndergo, To weigh against his Opposite? Or else, We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures, Vsing the Names of men, instead of men:

Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house Beyond his power to build it; who (halfe through) Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds, And waste, for charlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth) Should be still borne, and that we now possesse The utmost man of expectation:

I thinke we are a Body strong enough (Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand? Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolfe,

For his diuisions (as the Times do brawle) Are in three Heads: one Power against the French, And one against *Glendouers*: Perforce a third Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirm King In three diuided: and his Coffers found With hollow Poverty and Emptinesse.

Ar. That he should draw his feuerall strengths together And come against vs in full puissance Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither? Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:

Against the Welsh himselfe, and *Harrie Monmouth*, But who is substituted gainst the French, I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on: And publish the occasion of our Armes.

The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice, Their ouer-greedy loue hath surferred:

An habitation giddy, and vnure Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond Many, with what loud applause Didst thou beate heauen with blessing *Bullingbrooke*,

Before he was, what thou wouldst haue him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,

Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him, That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.

So, so, (thou common Dogge) didst thou disgorge Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard*,

And now thou wouldst eate thy dead vomit vp, And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?

They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye, Are now become enamour'd on his graue.

Thou that threwst dust vpon his goodly head When through proud London he came sighing on,

After th' admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*, Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd) *Past, and to Come, seems best; things Present worst.* Now, Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on? *Hast.* We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gone.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. Fang, haue you enter'd the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, wher's *Snare*?

Hostesse. I, I, good M. *Snare*.

Snare. Heere, heere.

Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *John Falstaff*.

Host. I good M. *Snare*, I haue enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chance coist to our lines: he wil stab me.

Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will soyme like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor childe.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once, if he come but within my Vice.

Host. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an insatiate thing vpon my score. Good M. Fang hold him sure: good M. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continually to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and hee is indicted to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet, to M. *Smother* the Silkmán. I praye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A too. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin sub'd off, and sub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vntill a woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to beare e- uery Knaues wrong.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe. Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose Bardolfe with him. Do your Offices, do your Offices: M. Fang, & M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arrest you, at the suit of Mistr. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channell.

Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a honyfeed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolfe*. Fang. A rescue, a rescue.

Host. Good people bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fusillirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe.

Enter. Ch. Instice. Inst. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, ho.

Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Inst. How now Sir *John*? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should haue bene well on your way to York. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Inst. For what summe?

Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Ch. Inst. How comes this, Sir *John*? Ey, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so rough a course, to come by her owne?

Fal. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Host. Marry (if thou wert an honest man) thy selfe, & the money too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for likning him to a singing man of Windfor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip *Quickly*?

Host. Comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs, she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby I didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a Greene wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?

And didst thou not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30 s. I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, poverty hath distracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may haue redresse against them.

Inst. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that comes with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes in troth my Lord.

Inst. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with sterling money, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man wil cur'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliur'ance from these Officers being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.

Inst. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman.

Fal. Come hither Hostesse.

Ch. Inst. Now Master *Gower*: What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales Are nere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman.

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dining Chambers.